

# *The Innis Herald*



I'M TOO SEXY FOR  
THIS ELECTION



Hallowe'en\ Election '93



## Editorial

### BIG

Well! I'm speechless! Apparently hoards of people bothered to read the *Herald* last month and we (the remaining execs) are dumbfounded. It's one thing to set out doing a P.R. campaign for a paper that nobody reads but it's a whole other thing when people actually respond. Better yet, I think you think we're kinda cool. Or maybe you only think Ash is cool. Nevermind. Anyway, I'd like to thank everyone who wrote for this issue because everything is great. Hell! I'd like to thank everyone who read the last issue and complimented us on it. Which brings me to the point of this editorial.

I had a few complaints about the layout of the last issue that were cunningly disguised as constructive criticism. As my good friend Stu would say, fuck yuz all. Have you ever tried to do layout for a paper that was pre-programmed for 24 pages with only a handful of articles? Have you? HM?

After being inundated with calls from family members and close friends on this subject, people I hardly knew were telling me that everything was too big. I had a

breakdown, I tell you. So much so that Judy is doing the layout for this issue. (I am doing the editorial because Judy is still struck dumb by the fact that people replied to our pathetic plea for attention).

Maybe some of you don't know that people read faster and take in more information when things are in larger type and when there is lots of space between lines and on the outside of the page. So you see, it was really in your best interest anyway. And just to defend myself, the layout for the papers I did last year was as tiny as all heck. You would have liked it if you had read the *Herald* last year.

I'll stop whining now.

Please vote, have a great Hallowe'en, and I apologize to my parents for my irresponsible and unnecessary use of the f-word.

(In case you didn't figure it out, this editorial has been brought to you by Carolyn of no pretentious nickname, and not by Judy, and also by the letter B)

The paper that plagues you like the moon.

The *Innis Herald* is published (roughly) monthly. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the *Innis Herald*, the Innis College Student Society, or to the printer. However, all material in the *Herald* must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content.

If you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it is an Artifact of your own Being.

XXXXX

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## SUBMIT

Deadline for The  
*Innis Herald*  
Friday October  
29th

Please drop all submissions into the *Herald* mailbox in room

127

or straight to the *Herald* office (room 305).

XXXXX

Apologies to Leonard Cohen  
XXXXX

Dear Andy

Eversince I was in high school I've had a problem with people kicking me in the rear end. Also, whenever I do my laundry I find bits of wadded-up paper and tape clogging the drain. What should I do?

Sore.

Dear Sore,

Thank you for being brave enough to write in with this problem. Many people have trouble with paper and tape clogging their drain, but are too embarrassed to seek help. There are many commercial brands of paper now available "for the purpose"; you might want to start by using one of them. By the way, the tape is not necessary. Personally, I find the paper to be sufficient.

I'm sure that the thousands who share your discomfort will appreciate your honesty.

Dear Andy,

My wombat is deaf. My girlfriend won't sleep with me unless I get a nose ring. Instead of gods, my profs have turned out to be human. One twitches. Am I normal?

A Touch Worried.

Dear Touch,

No.

Dear Andy,

Why doesn't Judy have a cool name like "mole" or "Blitz" or "Common Household Appliance"? Will she be getting one soon?

Perplexed in Petawawa.

Dear In,

Unfortunately, the Witness Protection Act prohibits "Judy" from changing her name. Oddly enough, in her former life as an underground revolutionary guerrilla stool pigeon of the most contemptible order, her name was "Blitz mole Toaster overhead".

**Do you need advice?**

**Andy will help! Send your problems (real or imagined) to Dear Andy, c/o The Innis Herald, Innis College, room 305.**

## Where Will We Go?

by D. Corrigan

I used to see her everyday when I was younger. We would sit and talk about nothing in particular, my age never bothered her and she never talked down to me. Nowadays I have to introduce myself, for much time has passed and she doesn't recognize me as easily. She lived with a professional woman, an interior designer, and did odd jobs like cleaning the house and walking the dog for her. Her tangled, grey hair was clumped this way and that, and along with her height it gave her a maniacal look. Each summer, when the weather was nice enough, I noticed her laying down under the shade of a tree, fast asleep, still retaining some of the habits she had when she was homeless.

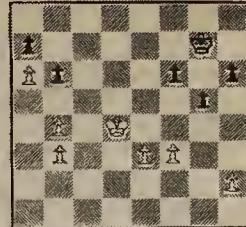
After her husband died, she, having no real education, had nowhere to go, no relatives to live with, no job and no shelter from the winter nights. How did she survive for all those years? Mostly by her own instincts rather than from the shockingly infrequent help offered by others. It's hard to imagine how these people live, and what would you do on a night when it's minus twenty-five and you have to sleep outside? She used to gather with the others around street grates and building vents, until some police officer came along, rolled down the window of his heated car and told them to move along. Where are the government institutions to help these people?

There are none. Kim Campbell, Jean Cretien, Audrey MacLaughlin, have any of these three stated what they will do to solve this problem? The deficit seems to be the only problem they are willing to talk about. Unlike the deficit, homelessness is a problem that can be dramatically improved, and I don't mean by the futile job-creation plans of the candidates, but rather by buildings to provide shelter, warmth, and food. Yes, I realize that this would be an expense to us all, and exhibiting all of the heartless characteristics of our give-to-receive society you might be asking, "What would I get out of it?" The answer to that is two-part: 1) don't worry, it isn't going to happen unless a government comes along with enough intelligence to invest a little money into renovating an old building instead of buying million-dollar helicopters, and 2) with the government's

"fight the deficit" plan, surely you don't dream that you will ever receive a pension? If you live for tomorrow (like everyone else) then maybe you will find yourself huddled over a vent, slowly freezing to death. Homelessness is not a problem to ignore.

The last time I saw my friend was almost a year ago. The interior designer was forced into early retirement, and so she had time on her hands to run her own house, and couldn't afford the expense of my friend any longer. They found her a few days ago, slumped over in an alley, long dead from cold and hunger and a society that doesn't care.

**CHESS**  
by Dick Varhileht



Answer: Three no-trump

For those of you potential Heraldites who missed our first meeting, we said, in no uncertain terms, No Sports Articles! But, unwilling to crush the enthusiasm of a first-time writer, we decided to publish this one. But this is it. After this issue, NO MORE SPORTS!!! We mean it!

## U of T Rowers Dominate Regatta

By Saurabh Sharma

If someone was to tell you that one of the best athletic teams in this university was full of paralyzed middle aged actors and actresses and who do nothing but sit around in a lonely old house talking with their nurses, doing... well, not a lot, you might reasonably conclude that your informant was (a) kidding (b) drunk (c) mad (d) a posturing buffoon or (e) a big guy.

On the other hand, if the same person told you that one of the best athletic teams in this university was the Rowing team, and that despite the total loss of funding by the university along with the loss of status (from Varsity to Club) it still continues to dominate the sport, well, this may sound equally unbelievable.

Faced with competition from the National Development Centre for Rowing at the University of Western Ontario, Brock University, Queen's, McGill and some privately funded universities in the Eastern United States, University of Toronto athletes continue to shine at Rowing Regattas.

Unlike the University of Western Ontario, where a constant flow of government grants keeps the athletes and coaches busy, and who, accordingly, can accommodate a roster of prominent athletes and coaches, the University of Toronto doesn't have these perks, and has decided to lower the status of the Rowing Team from Varsity to Club. If that, indeed, wasn't enough, the administration has decided not to give the program any funding what-so-ever. While other schools such as Brock University have only just begun to open their eyes at the recent success of Canadian rowing at recent International events, and have set aside a budget of upwards of \$100 000 for their Rowing program, U of T hopelessly continues to pursue funding for popular sports such as football and track while overlooking the merits of other sports teams that are the leaders in their field.

Rowers train twice a day, once in the morning at 5:30 and once in the evening. The cost for the use of boats, dock fees, etc., are all incurred by the athletes. No training program is ever complete without the presence of notable coaches. Here, at U of T, we have the best. John Houlding, an ex-Olympian, spearheads the program as Head Coach, volunteering his time and experience to the young men and women dedicated to the sport. He is helped by Rob Stewart, Andrew Walker and several other notable figures in the sport. Their method of training includes a heightened emphasis on team spirit, school spirit, along with regimented training and sprint work. They have all played a paramount role in taking a program that was among the worst in the nation, and bringing it to respectability in only two years. U of T rowers, who once failed even to qualify for the finals at prominent regattas, now dominate the stream.

The athletes themselves come from a diverse range of backgrounds and interest in training. Varsity members include students from professional faculties such as Law, Medicine, Commerce and a vast array of Arts and Sciences. Thus, they represent the student body as a whole, and yet their concerted efforts fail to get recognition from the university administration.

For U of T rowers, to dominate the sport is as much at odds as it is for an average individual to find a pot of gold under a rainbow or to catch a leprechaun. Winning is never easy in any sport, yet having accessibility to resources does provide increased opportunities for success. The U of T Lightweights winning at the Head of Rochester Regatta, as they did last year, would be comparable to the Football team beating Harvard or Yale. This year both the Women's and Men's Lightweight 8 will be attending Head of Charles Regatta in Boston, hoping to keep the unique tradition of Canadian rowers, winning gold.

Recently, the rowers competed at the U of T Sprints Regatta at the Toronto Island. The regatta was a great success with crews representing nearly all of the major universities. U of T regained the Rowing crown as the Lightweight Men's 8 placed first and Lightweight Women's 8 placed a close second. Medals were also awarded to the Heavyweight Men's 4, Heavyweight Men's double, and the novice men. All other U of T boats remained in the top four of the field. If this success was any indication of the potential that our rowers seem to possess, despite the kicks and cutbacks of the administration, it remains to be seen whether this will be another BLUE year.

Oh, by the way, I was just wondering WHO RULES THE WAVES?

SEXUAL MYTH #1:

# THE BIGGER THE PENIS THE BETTER THE SEX.

FOCUSING ON PENIS SIZE CAN WARP YOUR PERSPECTIVE!

Q: Is penis size everything?

A: Good sexual technique is what helps to make you a great lover. It's what you DO not what you have.

Sex is about sensuality, feelings, closeness and touching... it's more than just one act.

Whatever the size, don't worry, be happy! Get over it and get into it!

The Centre is a student-run collective of trained peer counsellors who do on-line counselling and drop-ins and are dedicated to promoting positive and healthy perspectives on sexuality. Call The Centre at 591-7949 to get information or for unbiased, confidential counselling regarding sexual issues and relationship concerns.

**THE CENTRE 591-7949**

Sexual Health Series Poster Design: Held The Standard Productions & Arts for the Sexual Education and Peer Counselling Centre of U of T.

# Fiction and Poetry

## A Hallowe'en Special Feature

by Loretta Johnson

The coffee cup was halfway to my lips when Ben, my editor, exploded through the diner's doors, bellowing my name. The cup seemed to float for a second then fell and shattered on the counter, spraying coffee all over my only decent work clothes. And the short order cook. I'd say that it seemed like a metaphor for my concentration except our readership apparently can't handle such grand concepts.

"Kinkelly," he shouted a tone lower once he spotted me. "Great idea for an article." Since I'm the youngest of the staff and a woman to boot I subsist on what scraps are thrown at me. I gritted my teeth in anticipation.

"Hallowe'en," he said, spreading his hands out wide like a director mapping out an epic shot. "An interview with Miss Finch." Miss Finch was the local witch. The only problem was that she'd been dead for over a hundred years. Her grave can be found in a remote corner behind Mercy Church.

"You keep saying you write stories, girl," he bellowed into my startled face. "So do something creative. And get your facts right. I don't want old Dunham calling up to set me straight." Which old Dunham did twice an issue.

"Oscar here," I hadn't noticed the bastard slinking in behind Ben, but there he was, greasy skin and all. "Oscar," Ben repeated, "will take photos for you. And I want something scary, Kinkelly." That wouldn't be hard. Part of our Hallowe'en ritual as kids had been to tell ghost stories out in my Grandma's backyard. The ones who got scared had to buy off the others with candy if they wanted to go in. I never gave my candy to anyone. "Make it damn scary," Ben was saying. "The people could use a little shaking up around here."

Ben said this routinely several times a day like a mantra. He still remembered being in Montreal during the October Crisis and the people, in his words, had been plenty shaken up then. Now, even the Accord couldn't get a rise out of them.

Oscar gave me an oily grin as he followed Ben out like a tumor with legs. He's not dumb enough to touch me, but the way he uses his eyes, he doesn't have to; he makes me feel naked and spread-eagled with one glance. You'd figure this would make me scared but all I feel is rage. It's the rage that scares me, not him. It's a rage that howls for blood.

So that is how I found myself alone with Oscar in the graveyard on a black cloudy night a scant week before All Hallow's Eve. I was there to soak up the ambience and to get the geography right. Oscar said he was going to take pictures, but how they'd turn out in the pitch dark, I didn't know. He was leering worse than usual and I realized, belatedly, that this probably wasn't a very safe situation; Mercy Church is about half a mile out of town.

"You ever kiss in a graveyard?" Oscar asked as we picked our way between the graves. There's never been that many people in the town, but several hundred years accumulates a lot of bones. When he didn't get a rise out of me, he said, "So tell me about the witch. How'd they kill her anyway?" According to the doctor's records Miss Hester Finch had died peacefully in her sleep shortly after her 76th birthday.

"Someone stabbed her with a pitchfork. Then the priest cut her into pieces, fearing that she'd come back unless she was dismembered." I said in a bland, clinical voice. Oscar grinned bloodily. "And according to the records", which no one read but me, "she did, about two years later." Oscar looked dubious, but not as dubious as he would if he weren't surrounded by graves.

"Seems there were these two lovers who thought the graveyard was a nice private place. While they were going at it on her grave" --Oscar's breath quickened-- "these hands sprouted up from the grass with nails like claws on them because they keep growing, you know, after death. And the hands grabbed the girl and ripped her throat out before she could even scream. They were still tearing at her body by the time the boy got back with the

priest. It didn't look much like a body by then, though. The priest drove iron nails into her hands and feet, then burned her heart for good measure, and he cut a binding spell into her gravestone. You can see it right here." I lit the stone with my flashlight, and pointed to the intertwining Celtic knot design that looked suitably occult. "See the three corners? That's for the Trinity." Oscar shivered, trying to act like he was just cold, but I knew I had him.

"But you still shouldn't stand on her grave," I said quietly. Oscar looked down at the ground and jumped two feet back.

"And they wrote all this down?" he asked suspiciously. "You're making it up."

"The priest kept a record; he was interested in the occult." Which he had been, actually; a little truth made lies seem more plausible. "It seems that he saw quite a few ghosts, living alone in the church like he did. He wrote about this little girl who appeared at the church door one night, scratching at it really. He couldn't get to sleep because of the noise." An icy breeze whipped through the graveyard, perfectly timed. Branches clattered and scraped. Oscar went pale. "Her fingers were all bloody and left marks on the door. And when he looked closely at her hands, he realized that her nails were all worn away and it was her bones he was hearing, scratching..."

Oscar jerked spasmodically, his mouth snapping open and shut, wordlessly. He was staring, mesmerized, at something behind me.

"Nice try," I said coldly. "I don't fall..." Oscar let out a moan that made my bones ache. Slowly, careful of where I put my feet, I turned around. I couldn't see anything.

"What is it?" Oscar was pointing to one of the larger gravestones. "It..." he stammered, "It-it's got a shadow." My light was making a pool on the ground that didn't reach the stone.

"It can't have a shadow." But something dark flicked by the stone, like the stone was casting its shadow over the grave. The hairs raised on the back of my neck.

Now that I was looking, all the stones seemed to be casting shadows. No. Not casting shadows. I'd been right before -- there was no light to produce shadows. It was something pooling on the graves, something darker than the grass, but mobile like smoke.

"But it's not Hallowe'en yet," I said stupidly. Oscar, shaking, took a step backwards, then another. He turned and I saw him put his foot down except that it kept going down, into the earth.

Into the earth above Miss Finch's grave.

He howled not even like an animal and I covered my ears and shut my eyes and cowered on the ground, but still heard the sound of him being dragged down into the grave. I felt the earth closing grittily over his limbs. I tasted it as it filled his mouth and reduced his screams to panicked whimpers.

And when all movement underground had finally stopped and I felt his corpse, lifeless, encased in dirt and gravel still standing grotesquely upright, I stood slowly too, and opened my eyes. The moon was out and full. Real shadows fell over the graveyard, solid black against the brilliant white. Nothing moved except the trees along the church wall responding to brief gentle gusts. And there was only grass above the graves.

I walked back carefully through the boneyard, picking out a path like I was walking on stones in a deep river. But when I got past the gate and onto the road, I ran. I ran until the breath burned in my lungs and I collapsed weak-limbed and shaking in the bright doorway of the local tavern.

Ben said it was quite a story and printed it. He offered me a permanent "story corner" in the paper, but I told him I preferred facts, thank you.

The police said it was quite a story, too, and conducted an enquiry that predictably concluded the grave had been sinking for years and that it was an accident. But they had to use pick axes to exhume the body.

The women at the beauty parlor said it was quite a story. "It curled my hair, it did, Iuv," said Ruth, cigarette dangling from her lips as she shampooed my hair. This was the third time I'd visited in a week and if the dye didn't take this time, I was going to give up.

"It's not a bad color," she added as she rinsed the shampoo out. "It suits your face somehow, too. Like Monroe, without using peroxide."

"No need to worry about touching it up when you get old, either," said Sylvia, who wasn't tactful. The women laughed nervously. Oh, yes. The people were plenty shaken up, now.

# William Winslow

## The Search For Freedom

by Richard Williams

Once upon a time -- although not particularly long ago, nor was it necessarily far away -- there lived a man of average looks with average luck and unfortunately an average income most likely resulting from his average intelligence. His name was William and he lived in a small loft supporting his elder brother, Ernest, who was between jobs at the moment, but would rather not discuss his situation seeing that it's not particularly any of your concern, unless you're willing to lend a few dollars to a good ol' chap, and if not please be so kind as not to gossip about his situation thank-you-very-much.

William had moved away from home five years prior for three reasons. One: he had to share his room with his oppressive, domineering, selfish, and slightly cruel brother all his life; two: because his mother constantly criticized him for not being more like Ernest, using certain forms of mental torture and abuse which terrorists would be wise to take notes on; and three: because his girlfriend told him to.

The first three weeks of the move were the most confusing and uncertain period in William's life, but he loved the freedom. Things had never been better with his girlfriend and his coincidental happiness was lining him up for a promotion at work (his employer noticed William's optimistic outlook on life and considered this blind, contagious bliss to be a motivating force for the other workers). The birds seemed to sing more sweetly on these easy summer mornings. Traffic ran smoothly, the weather was perfect, everyone seemed to have a smile on their face, the drug dealer in the alley apparently relocated, the voters were happy with the government, and the bunion on William's foot finally went away.

One beautiful Friday night William was sitting down to a candle light dinner with Monica and in his jacket pocket was an engagement ring. Tonight would be the night.

Everything was perfect. It was one of those magical nights in the early summer with nothing but the week-end ahead and a wallet full of cash in your pocket. One of those rare nights when your mind and body feel relaxed for an alert tension caused by the anticipation of something good; it was one of those nights when you don't question the meaning of life, or the Reason for Being, or moan at the thought of a dismal future; there is only the moment -- a magical moment when a cool breeze blows through the room lifting the thin curtains like a playful ghost. A night when the food is cooked to perfection, your female companion is in a receptive, tender mood, and the record player doesn't skip. It was just that crucial time -- fifteen minutes after the last of the dessert with precisely two and two-thirds wine glasses emptied and refilled on either side -- when William began his deliberation with a noteworthy sparkle in his eye.

"Monica, my dear. My beloved. For two years now I've had the special privilege and pleasure of sharing your company and...well...um..." he stammered, although with a marked degree of charm.

"Yes, William. Go on my dear," she urged, although not too anxiously so as not to seem in the least bit trite or unlady-like.

"Well, darling, I'm not a rich man. I'm not a smart man. I'm not even sure that I'm a good man. I..."

"You are," she cut in with a supportive emphasis. William was resoundingly reassured. "Tell me William, before I burst, what is it?" she asked with irrepressible anticipation.

"Oh, Monica," he said in a near whisper oozing with tenderness as he clasped her hands in his across the table. They were drawn into each other's eyes: William with his noteworthy sparkle, and Monica with her hazel windows which did not reflect, but drew him in deeper. They slid closer as their eyes automatically closed in anticipation of a consummating kiss which hung in the air as a token and a promise of their love.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A tremendous knock at the door echoed through the loft. For an instant the lovers seemed completely unaware of the source of the disturbance. Like one slowly waking from a dream, they stopped and all eyes opened: the unborn kiss drifted away into the lover's spangled twilight from whence it came, leaving reality pounding on the door.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! (You see, a pounding at the door has a way of capturing one's attention, particularly if it is so harrowingly anxious that it provokes one to feel that every hesitating second places the lives of millions of innocent children into ever increasing jeopardy.)

"Who the devil could that be?" William muttered.

"I don't know. Who knows you live here?" she asked, perturbed because William seemed more interested in answering the door than in finishing the proposal. He got up and approached the noise.

"Nobody does, except for you."

he replied. BOOM! BOOM! "All right, all right," he said to the door as he reached it.

"You're not going to open it, are you?" Monica asked incredulously.

"Of course I am. What options do I have?" he asked.

"You could shout through the door asking who it is first," she suggested.

William stepped back from the door and shouted "Who is it?" but the pounding continued. The hinges were beginning to shake. Visions of a madman running through the building pounding on doors and murdering terrified renters coloured William's mind: A big man in a black trench coat, an Englishman's hat -- black of course -- and a thin sinister moustache. "Why didn't anyone complain about the noise? Because he already killed everyone else! He's a psychotic!" thought William.

He did not want Monica to see him as a coward. He would protect her. He picked up a chrome-tube vacuum cleaner attachment and opened the door while simultaneously springing back in the stance of a lumberjack ready to hack down a giant Redwood with a single superhuman blow.

In the doorway stood his brother, Ernest. Correction: In the doorway stood his brother, Ernest, with several large suitcases, a few medium sized bags, and two suits still in dry cleaner's plastic. William stood there, face transfigured like a savage warrior, with his body set like a baseball batter prepared to swing for a home run. He could hear Monica at the table gasp at the appearance of Ernest. William's face melted into one of maddened despair. Ernest, standing in a black trench coat with a black Englishman's hat on his head, smiled -- with his greasy moustache catching the light -- and with arms outstretched, stepped in and hugged William.

"Long time no see, kid. What's with the tin toy? You thought you had some killer at the door or something stupid like that?" said Ernest. William stared at the four foot vacuum cleaner attachment in his hand. "You'd better put that down before you hurt yourself, kid -- clumsy as you are, I wouldn't be surprised. Put your hands to some good use and bring my bags in, that's a good boy."

William and Monica's glances connected and she could read his thoughts from his expression. It's going to be a long, long night.

## The Shell

by Jack Wang

Lying on her back and closing her eyes  
is the way she offers herself for the taking, a gift.

Her body is an oyster's shell  
washed ashore,  
two valves gaping like her smooth  
legs.

Men who walk by the mud flats  
will take it home to decorate a  
window sill,  
to barter with, to carve into  
buttons.

They do not have the patience to  
wade into deeper waters  
to find ones not yet dead, clinging  
to rock,  
unwilling to give away  
the soft grey flesh inside.

## A Still House At Night

by Jack Wang

Midnight. Lights go down,  
Silence settles grudgingly.  
Everything is a corona of  
moonshine's private energy:

A porcelain washbasin holds  
tepid waters slowly seeping  
through hairline fractures;  
spilled milk left unwiped is

Haloed by a white afterglow  
of the day's vehemence and  
exchange of clenched fists  
still felt in the wall's vibrato.

Quiet enough to hear a vein  
burst and floorboards moan  
under footsteps of children  
restless in their inheritance.

Essays giving you a  
headache?

Take two aspirin and  
call us in the morning.

978-4871 Innis Writing  
Centre

## Unrequited

By Diane Sidik

Like furtive bacteria you  
invade my blood  
coursing through my  
passive veins  
a parasite never to be  
rid of  
mocking my paralyzed brain  
with your warped  
visions of utopia  
you twist a hollow shard  
squeezing your venom into  
my naked soul  
corrupting my muse

### FREE FRIDAY FILMS

brought to you by CINSSU & SAC

#### October - Films from Down Under

15th - GALLIPOLI (Peter Weir)

22nd - BREAKER MORANT (Bruce Beresford)

29th (Halloween) - THE VANISHING (George Sluizer,  
original European version)

#### November - Eastern European Cinema

5th - STALKER (Andrei Tarkovsky)

12th - ASHES AND DIAMONDS (Andrzej Wajda)

19th - DAISIES (Vera Chytilova)

26th - MEPHISTO (Istvan Szabo)

#### December

3rd - AMERICAN BOY, ITALIAN AMERICAN, THE BIG SHAVE

(3 short films by Martin Scorsese)

10th - DRUGSTORE COWBOY (Gus Van Sant)

# Dedicated to the a--hole on the bus...

by A Really Nice Insomniac

I don't care what you think, I'll just sit here  
Absorbing the stares from all sides  
Why is it that when I just sit here  
Not Caring  
Not seeing  
Just thinking  
Why is it when I just sit here  
My whole soul is leeched to a dull skull of pride?  
It's almost funny --- this leeching.  
As I sit here not caring at all,  
These eyes that stare at my breasts and my hair  
They don't understand that I really don't care  
And that underneath these mats of blond hair  
I'm just thinking.  
But the thoughts are pulled by the long, empty stares  
And they suck at the soul that insists it's not there.  
They're pulled through the pores of the shell that just sits,  
The breasts with the hair that just sits and stares,  
But what does it matter? I really don't care.  
All I can do is just sit here,  
Sit here and think I don't care.

# The Doldrums

by David Halporn

He caught its reflection in one of the carbon puddles. A crescent moon had been in his shadows for many days. Avoiding its illusory beams, his gaze was tucked in the mystical pattern of blackened cobblestone. Stopping, he rolled his cigarette to the side of his mouth and exhaled around it; he had already swallowed three live butts this way. His lips had no dexterity, he was numb from bleak and menthol.

The marquee was flickering, almost smirking in defiance to the stagnant night that hung like an air of death: weighted, unclean. His discarded smoke, borne by the windless city, became a halo above his head and soul.

The sign was maternal. It named the place: The Doldrums. Such lighted words that flashed on and on into the night, a perpetual accusation.

A revolving door beckoned to him, irrevocably, in the way that Leda once called to be struck by lightning in the clouds. Always open, always closed, a seeming fallow womb; any intrusion was a perplexing rape. He pushed through and spun to an antiquated time until he felt as though he was a bird, flying and raping.

Blinded by the hazy fury which, in a momentary pride, he thought to be his own trumpeting quill, he was inside; struck by the unforeseen heat, he was suddenly aware of his body's frozen ache, of the glowing twigs that flourished in such heat and flamed in his gut. Reaching out, he threshed and searched in the same movement; his wings dispersed in the heavy smoke that they were. I smelled them right then, as if propelled to me by him, those ancient smells of burning tobacco, musty booze, and the aromas of struggle.

The jazz was raw and throaty. Unbridled, it swirled with the cigarette smoke and drifted around us, lifting itself like the film of a desert mirage. Pure emotion drifted in and out of my body, so strong I could taste it and the blood it drew from my unseen wounds.

The bar was near the door and he staggered to it. Folding into one of the leather stools he called for a bourbon. It was before him, always had been; his thawing hands were over his face, he couldn't see the barkeep that didn't exist, or the drink that always had, like an omnipresence, a god, a danger. He drank long, dousing his flaming body until the smoulderings in his gut were left as warm, glowing embers.

He turned from his drink to survey The Doldrums. It was blackened by the same white haze that had first found him. He waved his arms trying to catch glimpses through the cracks he made in the shadows, the smoke, the jazz.

I knew what he had come to find; I saw her, before he did, sitting at a corner table smoking a long, slender, black cigarette. She was Medusia. Her raven hair fell in serpentine coils around the virgin ivory of her face. She was an antithesis, uncorrupted neither in black nor in white. She was a piano, an instrument, smoking in time to the purring of the saxophone. She was an emotion. She was jazz.

When his eyes first caught her, he saw none of this. His gaze found her lips. Sensuous and pointed, had her head been tilted backward such lips would have been the prongs of a devil's trident. They had been painted over in a crimson red so evenly her true flesh was bled. He saw her lips and wanted to puncture them with his teeth and peel them away, as if they were the skin of a desirable fruit. He wanted to set forth the gushing of her nectars.

He made his way toward her table, brushing away the clouds in front of him as if they were curtains hiding a window he wanted to look out from. He reached her and suddenly tilted his head as if in discovery.

"It is mine," she said to him. Her voice was deep and husky, like a man in drag's might have been. She sounded foreign; I couldn't place her accent.

"Yes, I know," he told her. He was looking at her moustache. It was jet-black, like her hair, but thin. I hadn't even noticed it.

"What are you searching for?" she asked, exhaling her words with her discarded smoke. He reached for her hands, clasped them, and gently pulled her up.

"I will dance with you now," he answered.

She draped her arms around his neck, hot ashes from her loosely held cigarette swept down his naked back. He didn't seem to notice; the ashes may have been cool to him, like the glistening tears of sweat that ran down his flaming skin.

They were swaying on the muted parquet. He tried to hold her about the waist but his hands kept sliding down her curves; she was swimming in her own fog of heat and sweat so he curled his arms around her neck. Their bodies were touching, hindered by no barrier; heavy oils ran from their pores. At times, as they moved within and through the music and the smoke, their bodies seemed inseparable, a mass of flesh with their four arms that dangled, extended and bent.

A drop of blood fell soundlessly to the parquet.

I moved closer to the two. They were trying to shroud themselves in the white darkness. I brushed it quickly away. They had started grinding themselves together in a parodic dance of intercourse. Blood was seeping from between them, falling from their thighs. He hadn't entered her, but he was erect, and for one moment I was him, and thought I could save myself. So, in the midst of that paradox, in abandon and reason, I entered her and fucked her until her heart came screaming into my palms.

I flew into the night with her throbbing essence in my grasp. For every bite that I took the crescent moon dwindled into the darkness until it was a sphere of black; on that doldrum slate I drew stars with my fingers; on that doldrum slate I brushed the rays of an eastern sun across the distant horizon.

# A Story for Those Who Like To Cook

By Huge Dare

The young couple stared into each other's eyes with deep anticipation. "Please," she said, her voice was soft and sultry, "Please use my microwave."

Her deep innocent eyes glanced downward to his delicious banquet. She paused at his great ribs, his trim steak, and stared at his sausage.

"I can't," he replied, "you see, I wanted to save my meat for home." He glimpsed at her microwave, it was state of the art. He marvelled at its features, it was so innovative, so beautiful, so inviting.

The wondrous woman stroked her hair slowly. She sighed, and spoke again.

"I thought the reason you came over was to use my microwave?" she questioned.

"Yes, it was, but..." he stammered, too afraid to speak the truth.

"But what?" she asked frustrated.

"I don't want your microwave to smell of my meat." He hoped that did not sound as silly as he thought.

She laughed. A bright colourful laugh that made him smile.

"Don't be foolish!" she retorted, "I've let others use my microwave before!" She thought he was being childish.

His smile slowly faded.

He thought he would be the first.

"And see," she continued, pointing at her high tech machinery, "it doesn't smell at all."

"I think I should be leaving," he said, packing up his steak and ribs. But before he was finished, her hand reached out and grabbed the final plate.

"Let go of my saus..." he started, but stopped when he glimpsed into her eyes. The young man stared at her lonely soul. He read her lust, her wanton basic need, her hopeful urge. He placed his strong hands on hers and helped her guide his meat.

She opened the door and he snugly placed the sausage in.

Ten minutes was pressed for, but he knew it should only have been two.

The microwave worked its magic, whirring with delight. She gasped, he groaned, they licked their lips with pleasure.

His eyes widened, sweat beading down his forehead. She shivered and wanted more. He tried to speak but only could make a short gruff grunt.

Too fast! Too quick! The microwave was too hot for his meat. He yelped as the sausage.... exploded.

Juices splattered about, streaking the inside of the microwave. Hot fluids streamed about the meat with a glistening shine.

The woman's eyes bulged open as she realized what had occurred.

"Get it out!" she screamed, "Oh no! What have you done!?"

Quickly he opened the door and pulled his sausage out. The door being ajar freed a silent deadly odour. It slithered about the two young watchers and lingered in their noses.

"Oh God! The stench, I'll never get that out!" she said in horrid realization.

The man could only respond.

"I guess we should have wrapped it first..."

## Instead of a Film Review, a Few Words on the Innis Film Society

By Bart Testa

On the morning of my birthday this past spring, Innis alumna Kate Mackay, president of the Innis Film Society, and I went downtown to Richmond Street to the Toronto Arts Council to petition the TAC's flat refusal of the society's grant application for the 1993-94 season of film screenings. As readers of this newspaper may know, the Innis Film Society has offered weekly screenings (sometimes two a week) on Thursdays (sometimes Fridays, too) for many years. Most of the screenings have offered avant-garde films, often accompanied by the artists who made them and who discuss them with the viewers. The audience consists of many types of people---students (though few U of T students come, many do from Ryerson and Sheridan), artists, and people who just like films. Sometimes many people are in attendance, usually 40-60, and occasionally, Town Hall has been full. The artists, who have come from several countries, have often expressed their appreciation for these audiences, and for the opportunity to visit Toronto. The Innis Film Society, in fact, has gained a notable international reputation over the years. Yet, the Society is volunteer-run and run very much on the cheap, reflecting its roots as an Innis club. Most of the active members are Innis students or recent graduates, like Kate, Jim Shedd, and Dave Morris, although the audience members are, curiously, more likely students or graduates of Sheridan College or Ryerson.

For a long time, I was the projectionist (faculty doing something useful) until I showed Kate how to run the machines and, immediately better at it than I, she succeeded me. For some years, as a club, the Society was mainly funded by the ICSS. About five years ago, we began to run on a clutch of small year to year grants. As an on-campus screening group, the Society has been replaced by the excellent screenings organized by CINSSU, who run the best film showings at U of T hands down. Anyway, the largest of these grants to the Society (\$5,000) came from the Toronto Arts Council (TAC), for five succeeding years. The refusal was a complete and devastating surprise.

When Kate and I went to make our appeal, we knew the reasons for the TAC's refusal: they did not like our programming. I questioned the committee at some length about that, to make sure that it was not our book-keeping, our propriety about money, our fulfillment of the promises made on our applications, etc... This was not the case. We were clean on all those counts and in fact, they were snooty about saying so and objected to my inquisition but they had to agree that we were above board. (I pressed this issue because real people's reputations are involved --- and Toronto's art scene is a hive of evil gossip all of the time). Going for the intellectual side of our appeal, Kate drew out what they did not like: not enough women film makers, the films we showed were too old, and their claim that we were not relevant to the community. They were not persuaded when Kate demonstrated that the Society shows a proportion of films by women much larger than the percentage of woman-made films in avant-garde cinema, and that most of the films screened are actually newly made. (Kate was too modest to point out her key role in unearthing some forgotten women's films like *Christmas on Earth* in recent years). The Society does show many experimental films, several of them by women, too. We have had two full programmes of the wrongly neglected Marie Menken, moreover, Gwynn Nelson's *Take Off* has been a near-perennial. The problem is that too many films are made by established film makers (old and dead women as well as men) and not the young Toronto geniuses who need the exposure or, in effect, the promotion a screening might provide. In fact, we have shown local film makers both young and established, we just don't make a religion out of it and since we think that many of these films stink, we don't show them.

We owned up. We are not in the promotion business. Our policy is that we show films that we think are good. We don't program by race, gender, age, nationality, locality, or by origin. These are not the aesthetic criteria and, frankly, we apply aesthetic criteria because we think film, and especially, avant-garde film, is interesting mainly as art. Screenings are not publicity stunts or exposure machines for artists. They are opportunities for those who come out to see films. We realize that this commonsensical approach to film programming represents an extraordinary and retrograde view of the matter and not the current state policy on the arts. But there it is, bluntly spoken by volunteers who aren't, as members of the Innis Film Society, paid state employees. But there we were, under the scrutiny of these stern-faced state agents. How young they were, how sad a sight to see on my birthday, how old they talked, and how they seemed such bureaucrats at an age when they should be rebels... Depressing. We are happy to argue aesthetic criteria, as we do among ourselves, until the cows come home, or until the wine's all drunk, whichever happens first, and we do, sometimes even raising our voices.

But no raised voices here, except to tell me in no uncertain terms, to shut the hell up. The appeal committee crossed their arms. The appeal was a failure. No dinero this year. Nada. Goodbye. Later that day, we went to see *The Posse*, Van Pebble's "black western". The theatre was empty and the film was a disappointment. What a hack's job. But I was in an uncommonly good mood and we walked and talked all eight miles home on the first beautiful evening of a splendid summer.

Maybe I need to add that the Toronto Arts Council endured no cuts to its budget this year. The council's decision to uphold its refusal was a policy decision, an example of the lower level crass ideological decisions for which the TAC has, regrettably, become well known. More bluntly, Toronto Arts Council is politically flaky, just like its whole arts scene. This is the "political correctness" on the ground, in the trenches, as the daily or weekly practice of almost capillary decision making (that lefties tell you doesn't really exist) that is made by the right.

Although you probably have not noticed, the Innis Film Society has not been holding Thursday screenings weekly in Town Hall this fall. There will be screenings, less frequent, and held elsewhere. They will be fascinating events, involving David Rimmer, Michael Snow, and premiering films by Chris Wellsby and Bruce Elder. They are all men, all strong Canadian film makers and all senior and established artists. In fact, we have enlisted Snow and Rimmer (both of whom are subjects of full retrospectives at the Art Gallery of Ontario this year) as guest programmers showing the films they like.

We hope to offer more frequent film showings next term (or season, for you opera-goers) but that will take some regrouping as well as rethinking. Be assured that these are well underway.

For a while, frankly, we wanted to give up. Volunteers are allowed to quit with honour after a certain point, but we have a lyrical attachment to the Innis Film Society and would sorely miss the gatherings and especially the films. No one else is showing this kind of work in Toronto and no one else will. (FYI: Annie Sprinkle is not an avant-garde film maker however experimental are the anatomical feats that she performs for the camera). We think that we should keep trying. The artists, after all, in the face of infinitely greater obstacles than our gaggle of art-snooty gnomes downtown, keep persisting in making these wonderful films. We want to watch them. Perhaps you, or maybe just a few of you, do too.

Bart Testa teaches in the Cinema Studies Program and is a member of the Executive of the Innis Film Society.

## God = David Cronenberg

by Aspasia Bissas

Greetings and welcome to the first part of a (hopefully) never-ending series of reviews of David Cronenberg films. This is a long overdue tribute to Toronto's greatest genius and in the spirit of our homage to him, we should now take the time to repeat the mantra "David Cronenberg is God" until we have visions of Brundtletties and mugwumps. There, now we may begin.

The first film to be reviewed is "Rabid", filmed in 1976, starring no one you've ever heard of. The basic plot, in Cronenberg's own words, is "...this woman grows a cock-thing in her armpit and sucks

people's blood through it." Truly terrifying. But wait---there's more! The people that said-woman feeds upon (she is surprisingly polite about this) go on to loam at the mouth and violently attack anyone around in order to get their blood fix. Eventually, half of Montreal is affected and martial law has to be put into effect, in order to curb this craziness.

"Rabid" didn't exactly have me biting my nails and sitting on the edge of my seat, but there were a few horrifying moments.

Always one to cringe at blood, the scene in the operating room (by the way; most of the movie takes place in a plastic surgery

hospital), when the doctor asks for scissors and then uses them to cut off the nurse's finger, was rather high on the squirm scale.

st of Cronenberg's films, the Also chilling was watching men on garbage trucks wearing what looked like space suits picking off violently "rabid" citizens with automatic weapons, then dumping the bodies in the trucks.

The most horrifying scene occurs when a doctor returns home to discover his wife missing and his baby's bath water full of blood. Just imagining what mommy did to baby was more than enough to have me shuddering.

Apart from such moments, "Rabid" is not exactly awe-inspiring. Like most of Cronenberg's films, the story has no climax and no

happy (or definite) ending, which is fine with me. Except in this case the ending is definitely too abrupt and somewhat unclear.

Overall, "Rabid" reminds me of a worse version of "Shivers". OK, so even God can have a less-than-perfect movie. Maybe I should have reviewed "Videodrome" or something. Still, for any true fan, "Rabid" is worth seeing (my life has certainly been enriched). And hey, it's still better than 99% of the horror section at the video store, especially since it was filmed way back in the era of brown corduroy and shag haircuts. So rent it, watch it and support a national icon. Who knows, David Cronenberg could be the only thing keeping this country together in these desperate times and I think that's worthy of our support.

# Innis News

## Innis Clubs Update

**Innis Role-Playing Society:** ask Frank, check the Clubs board in The Pit, or call Chris at 767-8231

### Innis Computer Enthusiasts Club

To: All computer hobbyists, zealots and uninterested bystanders  
From: Francesco Chu, Co-founder of CyberDream

Well, boys and girls, this is it. Finally all the Innis (or non-Innis) students interested in computer software and hardware are in luck; the Innis Computer Enthusiasts Club is founded. The objective of this organization is to promote knowledge concerning computers. This will be accomplished by building an information network based on its members. The members of this club will be able to ask questions that not many people can answer. A data base which will include electronic projects, software design techniques and tips, and computer interfacing will be created to spread the knowledge. Initially, this data base will be on paper since we are not rich enough to afford a computer based data system (though we hope to be able to expand later to the much more efficient and modern way). We will build some of the projects depending on the interest of the members.

All in all, this is a computer oriented meeting place, where the exchange of information is encouraged. There is no special requirement to join, though some prior experience in electronics and programming will certainly help. For further information, contact Francesco Chu at 923-9793 (6-9 PM), Faisal Akber at 620-9916, or leave e-mail to a228chug@cdf (Francesco) or a228akbe@cdf (Faisal).

### Paintball -- The Bodycount begins

Once again a new year has begun at Innis. More importantly, Innis College has been (and is) involved in many extracurricular activities, and with high hopes a new tradition among all at Innis will begin.

Those of you who enjoy playing with guns, running around post-apocalyptic settings, and hunting, [ed's note: get a life] will love this year's inaugural paintball club, named Bodycount.

Bodycount will meet twice a month for war games at Paintball City located at Finch Ave. and Weston Rd. Each meeting will consist of approximately 25 members split into two teams for the three hour hunt.

For those of you who have never played paintball [ed's 2nd note: if you have, and you liked it, you have no business reading the Herald], it is a high-adrenaline sport that sharpens survival skills, reaction time and creates a good time for all.

Bodycount's mandate is to simply exist for the fun of it, and all are welcome. Games and playing are paid for, as well as the first load (100 shots) of paintballs. If you have any questions, feel free to call Dale Summers, President of Bodycount, at (905) 619-8805.

### Innis Athletics —Men's and Co-ed Up and Coming Sports:

#### Co-ed

##### Tournaments:

Tennis	Oct 8/9
Softball	Oct 16
Broomball	Oct 31
Curling	Nov 6

#### Men's

##### Tournaments:

Tennis	Oct 27/28
Volleyball	Oct 11
Basketball	Oct 11

The sign-up dates are posted on the Athletic Board at Innis. If there are any questions, ask them at the ICSS office, room 116, or find the reps, Dave Kim (Men's) or Deep (Co-ed).

The Innis Math/Stats Tutoring Centre offers free one-on-one tutoring in all 1st year and most 2nd year math courses as well as introductory stats to all Innis students

and U of T students enrolled in INI courses. We can give remedial assistance and help you to develop problem solving and study skills.

For more information come to Room 313 or call Pat McDonell at 978-8571

### Innis Athletics: Women's Sports

By Jean Vesik

Hey Girls!

This is your friendly Innis Women's Sport Rep Jean here to tell you that the season is off to a good start. We have two sports going on at this point. The Touch Football team, who play mostly on Wed, Thurs, and Fri mornings at 7:30 (check the schedule on the Athletic board), have put up a good fight at both games they played. Even though they didn't win, they had a fun time and are now planning new strategies for their next games.

Soccer is the other sport going on and has taken some interesting turns. To my knowledge, the women's team was split into two different teams — some of the girls are playing on the men's soccer team in Division I (way to go Gina F., Mel H. and Melissa J.!!). I believe the other girls went to a Faculty of Ed joint team. I hope to get scores for the teams in the next edition of the Herald.

The upcoming sports are Ice Hockey and Basketball (Division II). Sign-up sheets and deadlines for both are on the Athletic Board. So sign up, sign up, sign up!

That's about all I have to report now except that if anyone is wondering what has happened to Volleyball, here's the scoop. We only play Division II sports, and therefore it will be offered in January, and not in the fall.

## Next Herald Meeting

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18TH  
5:30 p.m. , Herald Office (Rm. 305)

## Upcoming Deadlines

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29TH

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7TH

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28TH

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH

FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH

### Who Is ENSU?

by Sophia Chan

ENSU is anyone taking an environmental course at U of T. That is, if you are taking even just one environmental course at this fine institution, you are automatically an ENSU member.

Created just last year, the Environmental Students Union is here to represent all its members by telling the administration just exactly what you think, i.e. bitching (or applauding them once in a blue moon), in regards to a particular course or the environmental programs themselves. But all our energies are not just wasted on mouthing off to our academic superiors. ENSU also has working groups pursuing various environmental endeavours. So for you people in environmental programs who don't exactly have impressive GPAs, and are counting on massive amounts of experience with environmental issues to get you into either graduate school or just a summer job relating to the environment (hopefully one with a paycheque), this is your chance to get involved (I had to get you sucked in somehow, and grim reality always does the trick).

Like all legitimate student unions, ENSU has an executive which makes all the major decisions and writes proposals (with the help of other ENSU members, of course). The executive includes positions such as an events coordinator, an academic and administrative liaison, and representatives for 2nd, 3rd, and 4th year. CINSSU (the Cinema Studies Students Union) has been kind enough to share their office with ENSU up in room 307 in Innis College.

Theres much more to tell you about ENSU, but you're probably getting bored of reading this, so I'll leave you by saying that you'll see a lot of ENSU this year (as a matter of fact, we were at SAC Orientation '93). So if you got this far in reading this article, you were made to check out ENSU and everything or maybe nothing (it's up to you) that we have to offer. Our number at the office is 978-7434. Until then, peace and save Clayquot Sound.

# Random Thoughts

## What Do We Have To Do? Go Topless? Censorship at The Innis Herald

By Ash

When Judy, Carolyn, Glen and myself first decided to do a promotional video for The Herald, the original phrasing for the shocking part of the video was "We Don't Censor Anything", but we then reconsidered this statement and changed it to the infamous, "We Censor Very Little". ("NOTE" Out of my obligation to embarrass Judy at any possible interval I would like to mention that Judy took it as a personal affront that the word that was to be scrawled across her chest was "little". Get it? Little? Ha! Ha! Never mind...) But even this amendment has increasingly bothered me the more I think about it. In actuality, we censor quite a lot...

For example, to maintain our journalistic individuality, not to mention sanity, no non-campus related sports articles will be tolerated, but the catch-22 goes further than this. Out of our dedication to be non-discriminative, we are discriminative. We profess that we are a forum for free thought and yet we wouldn't publish anything that, let's use an utterly random example, Heritage Front may send us...

This brings up another philosophical dilemma... Who are we to judge what is sexist, racist, homophobic, etc.? These are some of the questions that we were grappling with while trying to forge out a constitution for The Herald. For example, last year, Dale (of Orientation leader fame) wrote a review of Groundhog Day in which he referred to Andie McDowell not by name but as "that babe from Greengard". Was that sexist? Obviously, but was it detrimental enough to be edited out?

I guess what I am trying to say is that there are degrees of everything and that discrimination surrounds us everywhere we go and so much of it is allowed to slip by without comment. The best

Innis example of this would be the inevitable ageist comments that arise every year regarding the Later Life Learning course offered in The Town Hall to assist retirees in coping with the readjustment of their lives. I've heard comments about how they clog up the café making it aggravating when attempting to purchase lunch because there are so many of them, and they can never decide what they want. My personal favorite, even more atrocious if one considers its implications, "I was stuck behind an old lady for ten minutes because she paid for her entire lunch in change". Is this acceptable? I think not, and yet comments like these get nods of approval.

I guess what I am trying to get at through the convenient method of ranting is that if you write intelligently and with consideration, we won't censor you. On the other hand, if your moral values do not meet up with the standards of The Herald executives, we will censor you. This sounds unjustly judgmental but, hey, we refuse to be extremists by adopting an "anything goes" policy. This would be inevitably chaotic and I personally refuse to have my good alias imbued by articles lacking any trace of mental activity. Lets put it this way: we'll print anything that isn't 1. so boring that we have to take shifts typing it in because we keep falling asleep or 2. assholic.

## The Best of The Herald Hopefuls

By Ash

Genius is a symptom of hereditary degeneration of the epileptoid variety, and is allied to moral insanity.

- Dr. Lombroso MD..

The response to our Write for The Herald ad was phenomenal, but it is not too late to become part of The Herald team. You can drop off submissions at any time, as deadlines are posted monthly around Innis. To let you know the type of human being who is part of The Herald staff, we decided to publish the best responses from our new recruits. You may wish to peruse these before you commit yourself...

Most perplexing favorite ice cream flavour: Brick

Favorite colour (Does this count?): Red with black dots

Most disgusting reply to dogs vs. cats dilemma: It depends on the sauce...

Most irrelevant number on the scale of journalistic honesty: The square root of negative one.

Most irrelevant number on the scale of journalistic honesty: The square root of negative one.

As far as the personal experience which our respondents tell made them qualified, we received some gems, my personal favorite being: I am able to, well, um, hey I can read without moving my lips.

## This Article is Sexist and Vulgar

by damien boyes

Well, okay...it's not really. But you've already started reading, so you might as well finish the whole thing.

I guess the thing to write about today is the Election. What choice faces us after the Mulroney years, when our country balances on the precipice of economic collapse, when unemployment is at its highest since the Great Depression, when the tax base is shrinking and the taxes are increasing, when our very future as a first world nation is resting on our choice of a new leader? What choices do the supposed new-for-'93 parties toss to us: Miss Piggy, Pepe le Pew, Droopy the Dog, and Audrey (what kind of politician can't easily be compared to a cartoon character?). I ask you, are these choices? Are they real choices? Yeah, like a condemned man's last meal is a choice; no matter what he chooses he's still going to wind up crispy in the electric chair.

So what do we, as a collective group of bitter, mischievous students, do to oppose the government in its plan to grind our country into the dirt with its boot heel? How do we fight Big Brother? Is there any way we can resist the tyrannical efforts of the Man to eat us alive?

Yes. We can all write in a vote for Clint Eastwood. Hey, it'll work! Look, it everyone reads this paper (as I'm sure everyone does) and when they go to vote, draws a new box, writes Clint's name in beside it, and fills in his or her "X", we just might have the Man With No Name for a PM.

Why Clint Eastwood you ask? Well, he was the mayor of Carmel, California, but that's not the best reason. Who would screw with Dirty Harry? That means no more cheating on taxes, no more health care fraud, no more crime, and with Clint in the house, even if he has no party to back him up, who is going to oppose any laws he attempts to pass? Here is the ultimate in hassle-free government!

Or, if you're not an Eastwood fan (and how could you not be?), vote for yourself. Why not? Wouldn't you rather be the one to crumble Canada like a Saltine into a bowl of thick and chunky soup instead of some pathetic politician? And just think of the keggers that you could throw at 24 Sussex Avenue!

If you would rather remain anonymous, you could cover the ballot with dirty sketches or vote for the most obscure party available; how I wish the Rhino party was still around!

So remember, on election day exercise your right to be obnoxious and do something that will piss off everyone who takes this government thing seriously. Do it.

Or at least poke your head out of the booth and tell the person at the desk that they're out of toilet paper. Sure it's old, but so what?

EXPLORE YOUR CAREER OPTIONS  
THROUGH EXTERN!



While you are in your 2nd, 3rd or 4th year as a U of T undergraduate, begin to determine what skills you will need in your future career.

This year during reading week - February 14-18, 1994 spend 3-5 days investigating a career field in the actual work environment.

For more information on how to participate in EXTERN call 978-8026.

The application deadline is October 29th, 1993.

## School is Cool Lyrical Reflections After One Week at U of T

By G. Gavin Gunhold

(To be sung to the tune of Head Like a Hole by Nine Inch Nails)

I like all my profs this year.  
They're all really good.  
They told me lots of interesting stuff  
and well, I understood!

My eleven o'clock prof tells lots of jokes.  
My one o'clock has weird hair.  
My nine o'clock prof keeps looking back and forth  
with the blankest fucking stare.

I like all my profs this year.  
They're all really good.  
They told me lots of interesting stuff  
and well, I understood!

# Apology From a Brainless Child

By Ash

**BRAINCHILD:** an idea, plan or invention regarded as the result of a person's mental effort.

Almost from the very moment that the Orientation issue of The Herald hit the newsstands, a horrendous miscalculation was brought to my attention: my incorrect usage of the English language when I referred to Chris Staig as being the brainchild of the Criminal Rhythm Organization. Needless to say, after endless "So you're an English Specialist" jokes, it was soon to become my mortification. It was eye-opening to realize that at 22 years of age and upon entering my third year of university, I still fall prey to my annoying habit of making words mean whatever I want them to. These are my excuses:

1. My father has an extraordinary vocabulary, therefore I never actually look anything up, I simply learn from memory and context, thus I am constantly using words like transpass which don't even exist. Who, however, is to say that, like Shakespeare, I don't have every right in the world to warp and invent words? Huh? Huh?
2. I'm sure that I'm not the only moron on campus who thought that the phrase could refer to a person. Come on, let's be honest now... Okay, maybe I am the only moron...
3. The Extra Jugular Fusion 3X 6000 made me too lazy to think.
4. I was stung by the procrastination bug and didn't start writing the reviews until 5 o'clock the morning they were due and my intelligence checked out at 4 o'clock. This was also due to the energy sucking device installed by Interpol to sabotage great thinkers like myself...
5. The computer not only decided to omit the space that I had intended inbetween the words, but also the "and", thus making "brain and child" lose the parody of cliché which I had originally desired.

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## Ready Or Not, Here Comes the Election

By R. D.

The election: are you ready? Do you know what it's all about? I don't. I should probably do the virtuous, concerned-citizen thing and read up on the issues, but I won't. Making an informed, well-considered decision will probably (like most of my assignments) be done at the last possible second.

I just cannot work up any enthusiasm over flyers (a.k.a. unsolicited junk mail), which have quintupled in amount in the past week, all stating: You should vote for me because... (talk about qualifications, contacts, picture with party leader, etc.). Any flyer can be summarized by "Vote for me because I'm better than <put

opponents' names here> or <put opposing parties' names here>, so there!"

Debates are fun. This is when I usually catch up on sleep. I let the reporters wade through the jargon and listen/watch the highlights of the evening (mudslinging, brawls, riots) the next day. Statistically, there is less chance of opposing politicians praising each other than there is of me being able to shoot a lightning bolt by putting an "AA" battery in each ear.

However, I have noticed that I am not the only one yawning. When I see someone cornered by a candidate, s/he has either the "I'm gonna make this politician hate me in about one second" look or has fallen into a coma-like trance. Studies have shown that even if a voter shows no signs of breathing, politicians continue talking. But take heart! After October 25th you will be ignored for another four years. Inquiring minds want to know. Not.

6. The spell checker did not recognize the character Braggadocio from The Faerie Queene as a word and incompetently altered it to brainchild.

7. In the light of healthy inter-campus-paper-competition, I was merely attempting to sound as brainless as The Douche, thereby stealing the majority of The Gargoyle's readership who swarm around his articles like frenzied sharks in the vain hope of finding anything worth digesting. (Sorry, that's The Bouche).

8. The ten black marks which you perceived as brainchild were to be interpreted according to the doctrine of Reception Theory. You, as the reader, were invited to exercise your right to interpret the phrase any way you saw fit in allegiance with your own literary bias and cultural identity. As the author, my intention was completely subjective and by no means relevant to any interpretation notwithstanding.

9. The difficulty with my usage of brainchild was that it insinuated that Chris Staig was born through the sheer mental strain of the other members of the band. In a metaphysical sense, this may be true. If we consider the possibility that the Chris Staig that we see on stage has adapted himself to correlate with the thinking patterns and personality traits of the other members of the band, (Are you with me? This makes sense...) and if integrated with other personality types (i.e. a different band) his character would realign itself accordingly, then it is conceivable that the other members of the band did, indeed, create Chris Staig. Due to the compatible combination then, Chris is able to work at his finest, thereby becoming the brainchild of the Organization.

10. I'm really really stupid and have no right being here. U of T should install radar to safeguard themselves from abusers of the English language such as myself. Didn't they see me coming?

Although the damage has been done and Chris Staig horribly humiliated, I hereby humbly apologize for my error and lavishly retitle the offended That Guy Who Plays Guitar.

*EDITORS NOTE: I missed it, too.*

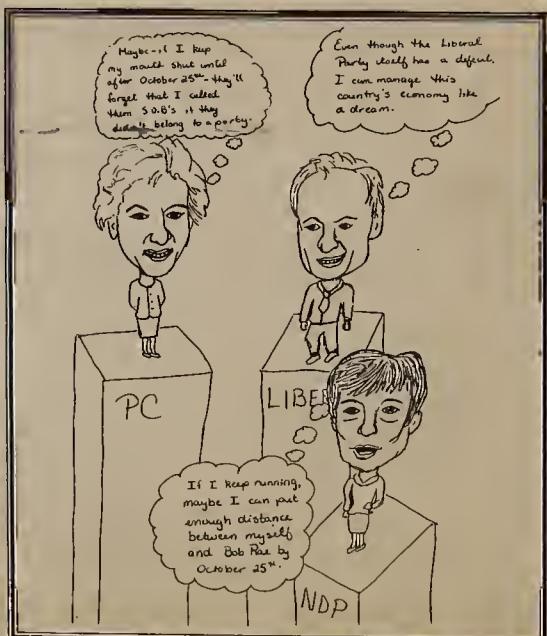
**COZUMEL (AP)** Local authorities are still investigating the shooting deaths of two Canadian citizens yesterday in this peaceful seaside resort east of the Yucatan Channel. David John Ardern, 23, and John Christopher Anthony Nix, 22, both of Toronto, were shot dead by local police after an apparent kidnapping attempt at the former summer villa of deposed Ugandan dictator Idi Amin.

According to town sheriff Fernando Chingado, the pair attempted to escape police custody after an aborted attempt to drive a stolen Chevrolet through the front door of the villa.

"They were armed with two Red Rider BB guns and a cooler full of homemade pipe bombs," Chingado confirmed, also noting the presence of half a dozen empty bottles of cheap mescal in the Chevrolet.

"They were screaming something about 'Not letting that African cannibal into space before us,'" explained Chingado. "We opened fire immediately, of course. They seemed quite disturbed and we didn't want to take any chances with them."

The Canadian embassy in Mexico City was unavailable for comment.



# I Saw A Gory Murder Face to Face With Satan

By Fifi Duval

I blew someone's leg off in the kitchen with my Pa's shotgun, then my parents showed up. What a scene! Lordy! Pa was rantin' an' ravin', an' Ma was disapprovin' quiet as usual. We called th' fat' of Sheriff and he came an' took fingerprints 'n' all with his deputy. They didn't get the leg I blew off, though. Y'know how come? 'Cause my Pa 'n' Ma decided t' hide the stump! They didn't want th' Man (th' Sheriff, y'all!) t' know I'd maimed someone. They like t' take care of things in their own way, mah parents. Anyhow, they never caught th' guy who broke in. We know it's a man, 'cause it was a man's leg, all hairy. We ended up havin' t' tell my parents th' whole story... that we'd seen a murder (me, my bro', an' two buddies o' ours) that we'd kept the severed head we found at the scene in th' freezer, an' that we'd been terrorized ever since: harassed by Sheriff Branscum, then this B&E when I shot the thief's leg off. It felt good t' tell Ma 'n' Pa, 'cause I know they c'n handle anythin', an' Hair (my bro') 'n' I were gettin' a mite sick of lookin' over our shoulders an' whisperin'. We tol' Ma 'n' Pa we were goin' inta N'Awlins (N.O.) t' talk t' a gangster we know about it all; a twenty-five year ol' named Al Castiglione, son of Joe. Ma tol' us t' sleep on it. So we did. I dreamed 'bout body parts.

The next morn' (or should I say early aft'noon?) We was pretty hung over from all the Wild Turkey we drank in our excitement) we had breakfast altogether the four o' us on the porch 'cause the kitchen was still such a bloody mess. It was a beautiful day, warm an' green. After we'd finished th' scene Pa tol' us some advice. He said don't trust Al, he said don't trust th' Sheriff neither (we already knew that last one). Hair tried t' protest an' say he'd helped Al when Al was dyin' o' snakebite an' Al owed 'im a favour. Pa's eyes blazed. He spoke rapidly in heavily accented English, as he explained t' us that even if Al meant well he was the son of Joe an' ifn' th' mob's involved in th' murder us kids'd seen, then Al would not help. He told Hair that about the only favour Al thought he owed him was to get him laid at one of the strip joints Al owned. Ma chuckled an' looked surprised. We knew Pa was right.

On the way inta N.O. we stopped t' pick up our twobest friends Ben an' Leeza who were jus' down the road from us. We were all dressed up for a night on the town with Al, son of Joe. Joe had been a badass about fifteen years ago. Real bad. Lotta people disappeared back then. He gave his son a few of his bars and strip joints five years back. Al's been running them very successfully ever since. We decided to go see Al anyway tho' we warn't trustin' 'im jus' t' act natural so he'd think we were gonna forget about th' whole mystery (which we were seriously considerin') an' we decided t' have a good time.

Al's was one of the coolest bars in town with th' best music an' mos' spensive food, so why not blow off some steam? After all, he owed my brother a favour. So we cruised up t' th' valet parkin' an' told th' kid t' be careful with Pa's Barracuda, then walked to th' front o' th' line-up an' tol' th' bouncer Al invited us. We were let in, t'ol' that Al was 'spectin' us. But we weren't 'spectin' Al's spread. Hoooe! What a place!

It was called the "Crescent", located on the north side of the French Quarter. There was a dance hall in the back, with fine dining and a bar up front. The front was on the water and overlooked the Mis'sippi. Every hour or so a paddle wheel'd float by full of tourists. There was a live jazz band playing, with people dancing at the bar and down by the band. They were really jumpin' too. The whole joint was. You shoulda seen th' clothes! Y'could tell ev'rone was loaded. Jackets an' ties and suspenders, an' dress suits and evenin' gowns. Th' menu said th' seafood was delivered daily as th' boats pulled up t' th' restaurant's dock, which you could see from the dinin' area. The dance hall in back was still a mystery, although as people passed thru th' salon doors t' th' dinin' room, rockin' jazz could be heard until they slammed shut again. It was all real classy. Y'ad never know Al's other venture was the sleazy strip bar the "Full Moon". And speak of the Devil, there he was in th' flesh... Alphonse Castiglione.

## CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

# I Write My Life On Hyphens

by Daniel Currie Hall

I write my life on hyphens -- I  
Cannot remain in any place,  
But glimpse myself in flashes  
through the subway windows,  
As I live in rapid transit.

Hello, I said -- and meant  
Goodbye --  
And then my life was gone -- not  
dead,  
I don't mean dead, but somewhere on  
the windy highway.  
A javelin without a target.

I fly, I drive -- or I am driven  
Beyond the walls of staid cities --  
Lay your heavy drawbridge flat!  
Remove your vertical portcullis!  
Tonight I ride for new horizons  
While the stony city sleeps.

The elevator fell -- but I  
-- Who cut the cord -- strode boldly out.  
Ano sought new stories far across  
the empty shaft  
And cried aloud, "Enough of ups  
and downs -- I dash!"

# In Memory of a Certain S.O.B.

by Jeanne Body

## PROLOGUE: (An Important Conversation)

"What is it you want from me?"

You don't know.

"What is it I want from you?"

I don't know.

"And does that really matter?"

No, you say.

## THE FIRST THOUGHT

Two lovers separated by:

Telephone cords, the 401

Cigarette smoke, things left undone  
Thickening silence, trembling fears  
Sidelong glances, wiped-away tears  
Unhealed wounds, chilled night air  
Tossing and turning, creeping despair

Nobody's at home, the dial tone

Look down the street, walking alone  
But that's O.K., we've got nothing to say

Wish it was night, so sick of today  
Rockbound cynicism, spiritual death  
Go to sleep and steal my breath.

## THE SECOND THOUGHT

Quarter to one on a monday night  
Said to myself, "It'll be alright."

Just don't look at the clock:

Then I talk, in my head

Remembering all the brilliant things  
you said

I'd be nice to have second sight at a  
Quarter to one on a monday night.

I guess we were just meant to be  
Two lovers separated eternally  
Do you think that really bothers me?  
Not bloody likely.

# 3 Poems

by Tim Ormond

## Cats can't run as fast as people

I used to go running and leave my cat behind,  
Now I run back and carry her home  
Watching the other runners excel  
To abilities well beyond mine.  
(Indeed, they compete against horses!)

I create a warm cradle for her in my arms.  
I hold her until she stops shaking.  
She purrs.  
I let her down,  
and then she walks away.  
I'd do it again if it looked necessary.

## July's Dream (take 27)

My lover once gave me a cold embrace  
In the safety deposit boxes of my dreams.

A cardboard skeleton under her  
Sarah wrap skin  
Made her feel like she would crumble in my arms.  
Oil pastel lips and indifferent eyes  
Made her too difficult to kiss.

## Five chocolate bars

Yesterday I ate five chocolate bars  
Though this may disgust you  
At least I discovered the difference  
between Sweet Marie and Oh Henry!  
One has caramel,  
The other's fudge is softer.  
Other than that they are the same.  
Go see for yourself.



Ma posin' with th' stump o' th' leg I shot off.

by Jon Hunter

## Reviews

### The Alexander Gallery: Worth the drive to Acton! (Just Kidding)

By Sally Ashcroft-Blake

The newly re-opened Alexander Gallery could never be mistaken for one of Toronto's trendier artistic establishments, nor does it pretend to be — that is the exact quality which provides this gallery with its appeal and fascination. Located off-off Yorkville on Queen Street East next to a dirty lingerie shop, the Alexander Gallery is something of a hidden find. Derelict of any chrome and black as Lady Di on her wedding day, this exclusive Canadian Showcase of art is more appropriately hung ad-hoc on yellowish brick walls and glassed in by a modest store front window whose panes reflect the grass yard of Moss Park. Without looking closely, the Alexander Gallery might very well be mistaken for a Sally-Anne depot rather than the exciting forum for Canadian art that it is.

Currently displayed at the Alexander are a host of different artists ranging from the Realists to the Impressionists and including native works, oils and acrylics, functional works such as table sculptures and hand sewn vests. The more prominent artists, Gordon Macnamara and Toller Cranston to name the most, share equal wall space with relative unknowns such as Brian Waboose, Shawn Roy and Shirley Heard, an effective means of displaying the unexplored talents of fresh, young artists. The end result is one of comprehensive diversity, the different artworks complementing each other as the contents of a disheveled but homey rec-room forms a personality amidst mismatching family cast-offs.

The personal atmosphere is by no means an accident. Gallery director Cynthia Stark and her associate, Susan Turner, have spent the last two years building up a gallery that can afford new Canadian artists a segway into the national art scene — without losing a sense of origin. Although Landscape Artist might be an unheard of phrase north of Bloor, paintings and sculptures of all disciplines can be found crammed into the Alexander's store space. Deciding not to discriminate on the basis of fashion has allowed Stark to discover some of the lesser known Canadian talents and to provide the public with works of definite national flavour.

Of course that flavour turns a little sour-tasting at the bank! In line with much of the Canadian art scene, Stark finds running the gallery a constant financial challenge. The term starving artist not only applies to those holding a paint brush but also to those clutching the picture hook. Advertising art minus contemporary accessories, such as the attached urinal and video camera (batteries not included) does nothing to further the cause.

Luckily for the struggling Canadian artist there are people like Cynthia Stark who believe in the uncelebrated ordinary picture. One of her most interesting exhibits is a collection of watercolours by ceramicist Shawn Roy. In this series of untitled pictures Roy explores the colour and light of every day domestic life. He captures a sense of home by using slices of light set against a darker background to illuminate the simple elegance of The Comet-Container, The Pepsi Can and The Box of Quaker Oatmeal. Roy is complemented by adjoining native artist Brian Waboose and established photo-realist Douglass Dunnford, who both showcase their own warehouse of talents.

If, at the end of the day, you do not leave the gallery armed with a list of impressive names, you will most likely find a renewed appreciation for art in its most original sense. The Alexander Gallery is not about art of the preposterous, it is about art of the enjoyed, but mostly, it is about art of the Canadian culture.

### Death Knocks & The Real Inspector

#### Hound

by A Really Nice Insomniac

The last production I saw at Harthouse (I won't mention its name being that it was a while ago and I'm not reviewing it anyway) was one of the most painful experiences of my life. I literally had to fight to keep myself sitting in the chair. So, needless to say, I was a little worried about heading back there for something new.

Well, (drumroll please)...it wasn't bad. The theatre itself is a hard one to work in. The acoustics are terrible, and the room is so big that the stage seems miles away. For those reasons, a play as small as *Death Knocks* is difficult to do. The play has no physical action, the two characters simply sit and talk, therefore we miss most of what's going on because we can't hear. It's unfortunate because the actors seemed to know what they were doing.

In the same way, *The Real Inspector Hound* is hard to do in that space because it needs the close proximity of the audience to make the point of the play apparent. The idea is that the critics, who are part of the audience, are eventually incorporated into the play. To extrapolate the best effect, the critics must actually be sitting in the audience creating a sense of immediacy. The Harthouse Theatre would make audience implants implausible, they wouldn't be seen or heard and would be much too far away from the stage. The director therefore did well to set up audience gallows on either side of the stage to try and create the audience involvement effect within the confines of the space.

Still, I don't feel the play was used to its full potential because of the need to invent a fake audience, and found the overall effect to be rather dry. Funny, yes (the actors were good at playing cartoon characters), but things always seem funnier when contrasted with boredom. Maybe that was the director's plan, who knows?

All in all, mild entertainment is the rating for the show. Definitely nothing good enough to make up for the last one.

### A Bronx Tale

By Chris Cooling

The title of Robert DeNiro's directorial debut aptly summarizes the film's Achilles' Heel: *A Bronx Tale* is earnest but somewhat generic. By now, DeNiro has become famous for the energy and fire behind his performances, such as his legendary portrayal of boxer Jake LaMotta in *Raging Bull*. His latest film is thus disappointing only because its struggle to avoid mediocrity is all too apparent in the end result. When DeNiro is at his best as an actor, he gives audiences something they have never seen before; as a first time director, he has decided to play it agonizingly safe.

Here is a description of *A Bronx Tale*'s plot: A boy grows up in an Italian-American neighbourhood...and dreams of becoming part of the mob. Sound like a good movie? It already was — this quote is from Leonard Maltin's review of *Goodfellas*. While watching *A Bronx Tale*, one has the feeling that DeNiro is trying as hard as he can to clear our minds of what has come before. Fortunately, he is far from unsuccessful.

How, then, is *A Bronx Tale* special? For one thing, DeNiro has wisely cast himself against type, not as the mobster but as the hero's father, a hard working bus driver. His struggle to keep his son from being seduced into a life of crime by the local mob boss comprises the body of the film. DeNiro's performance is solid as usual, but as a director he keeps the film focused on the boy's interactions with the criminals. The supporting cast is composed of little known or non-professional actors (plus one great surprise cameo), and their fresh looks are exactly what the movie needs to help it stand out on its own. Chazz Palminteri, who wrote the screenplay, along with the stage play it is based on, stands out as the boss. He plays his part with the perfect mix of colourful personality and violent authority, showing us precisely how his men can fear and obey him while pretending to love and adore him.

Though the gangsters are fun and interesting, this is essentially the story of a boy's experiences growing up in sixties New York; as a result, DeNiro's film avoids mob movie clichés but suffers from plagiarism of *The Wonder Years*. *A Bronx Tales* soundtrack is smothered with popular songs of the day, and the boy's nostalgic voice-overs about who was pitching at Yankee stadium that day, etc. nearly make us adore him so much we can't stand him.

Moreover, the moral dilemma of this film is not a new one: should the boy choose corruption and wealth or honesty and poverty? *A Bronx Tale* is distinguished by its refusal to reduce this question to a choice between the Good Father and the Bad Mobster. At times it is DeNiro's character who is unsympathetic, and it is the crime boss who has the best advice. At one point, the boy's father tells him not to go out with a girl because she is black, while the mobster happily lends him his car for the date!

Perhaps it is our natural attraction to the material that makes *A Bronx Tale* so entertaining. Its well written script has many memorable vignettes, and a wonderfully broad sense of humour, but it ultimately cannot escape the shadow of other, better films. Should we fault DeNiro for making a good film, however, or should we fault ourselves for having already seen great ones?

### A Bronx Tale: Robert DeNiro's Successful Directorial Debut

by D. DiFelice

My experience at this year's Festival of Festivals was, in one word, brief; one cocktail party for executive producers at the Park Plaza hotel and one film, *A BRONX TALE*. Needless to say, the film was more memorable than the party. The film, based on Chazz Palminteri's play is about a boy nicknamed C by his bus driving father (played by DeNiro), and the neighborhood's local mobster Sonny (played by Palminteri) and their lives together during the 50's and 60's. Both Sonny and DeNiro are mentors to C as he grows up and this is an interesting twist that develops into a conflict between the father figures in C's life. The film is about learning to be yourself. C, in growing up, is given advice on life from two different perspectives. One being that of a criminal hot-shot and the other being that of the hard working-class father. From Sonny, C is told to learn to be yourself because nobody cares.... On the other hand, C learns from his father that the real heroes in life are the working class people. The tension that exists between Sonny and DeNiro's character along with the Italian-Black racial tension that exist in the Bronx in the 50's and 60's add suspense to the film. What I particularly enjoyed about this film was that it was not another one of Hollywood's Matia/mobster glorifying films. Rather, from this movie, we see the goodness and hard working mentality of many Italian-American working class people. In the end the viewer leaves the film questioning whether it's better to gain someone's respect through fear or love. Overall the acting in this movie is excellent (even though DeNiro does not have a big role) and is a must see for all.

# Mark and Wendy's Acoustic Coffee House Presents: Colin Linden

By A Really Nice Insomniac

I must admit, after the opening act, I was a bit skeptical about what Colin Linden might have to offer. John Copping opened the show with his singing and piano playing, and, as the friend beside me pointed out, he had quite obviously overdosed on Billy Joel as a child. Don't get me wrong, I love Billy Joel. He's an extremely talented musician. Copping wasn't quite up to par, though... He got an A for effort, and his voice was pretty good when he wasn't trying to hit high notes, but he really needs the help of a lyricist who can explore the possibility of more than one line in a song. I questioned Linden's choice of having Copping open until it became apparent that they had been hired by Mark and Wendy, completely separate from one another.

I'm a fairly recent discoverer of the Toronto blues scene, but it's a discovery I've entered into with zeal. I don't know much about the technical aspects of playing blues (in fact, I had to get a friend to explain

to me that a guitar has six strings), but I do know good music when I hear it. I also know about performance (being a theatre buff and all) and this man put on an amazing show. The energy that was being exuded from the stage was intense. Obviously, Colin and his stage mates have an unadulterated love for what they do. Linden had with him his own keyboardist, Richard Bell, whose hands should go down in history as two of the most beautiful things ever created, and Gary Craig was the trio's percussionist whose high energy performance with the simplest instruments added a flair to the songs that otherwise would have been incomplete. The three have played around the city at various bars and were excited to be back in a coffee house — it showed. Linden played on a steel slide guitar and his regular electric with such comfort and ease that it's no wonder he's lead guitarist for Bruce Cockburn. They played a variety of styles of songs, a strategy for keeping an audience interested, and not one of them sounded out of place within the stylistic limits of the trio. They were comfortable on the stage, which made them all the more enjoyable to watch, and I would go see them, or just Linden, in an instant should they play again nearby (which isn't likely to be soon, according to their manager — they're doing a lot of studio work at the moment). Keep your eyes open, though, because if you're looking for a relaxing night with some high quality blues, this is definitely the man to see.

## In Utero

by Chris Staig

By the time this review is published, the world will need another review of the new Nirvana album *In Utero* like it needs another 'Nam flick. This review is being written in the spirit of "Hell, everyone else wrote one" and to debunk a few myths that have sprung up around *In Utero*'s release, namely it being crowned (in the pages of *The Varsity*) "Album of the Year" and the notion (put forth in *Rolling Stone*) that Kurt Cobain is this generation's John Lennon.

There's no reason why *In Utero* should be considered Record of the Year even if it outsells *Nevermind*. *Nevermind* was the sleeper hit of winter '91/92 not because of the number of units sold or because it was a radical synthesis of sound. It owes its hallowed rep to the fact that an album of screamed teen angst 'n' distorted guitar made the top ten. This shocked the hell out of the fortyish rock critic elite of the U.S. who never expected to hear such sounds in the charts since the Sex Pistols' and punk's commercial failure in '78. [Surely *Nevermind* signalled a unification of the rock audience (critics' wet dream) under the banner Grunge. Bullshit. I sold tons o' *Nevermind* to thirtyish hipsters in Christmas '91 and the usual comment when they came back into the store was "I liked one song..." This phenomenon could not be unique to North Toronto and it was that sort of person who put *Nevermind* at number one.] It is impossible for *In Utero* to have the same effect now that Billboard is accommodating more noise than it ever has before.

Nor should *In Utero* be taken as gospel from rock guru to ignorant masses as o'l J.L. once did. Regardless of the sales (meagre by '93 blockbuster standards), The Beatles did not have the Pavlovian effect on the 12-25 demographic that they are now credited with, which consequently the rock industry expects of Cobain. (The Cobain/Lennon parallel is inexplicably deepened by Kurt's grumblings about fame bearing a resemblance to Lennon's primal period, which had limited commercial impact and therefore couldn't have had that much significance to the millions of hippies supposedly alive in 1970.) John Lennon wasn't the J.L. of his generation and Kurt ain't the J.L. of '93... Courtney Love must be relieved to hear she's not Yoko Ono.

And now for the music: *In Utero*'s a good, loud rock record in the tradition of The Who's first album, "Bollocks and White Light/White Heat". The rhythm section tugs and tears at the beat (that's how they got played in dance clubs last time out) and Cobain is an excellent primordial guitarist who knows how to convey a lot of nasty stuff through power cords and feedback and has the good sense not to burden his songs with masturbatory solos.

## Helpful Hints For CD Shopping This Fall

By Chris Staig

1. You already have the new Skydiggers album if you own their first or second release.
2. You want the "dirty" Prince greatest hits CD first, not the clean one.
3. Contrary to popular belief, the excitement generated by the great groups of the sixties and seventies is not, repeat NOT, found in New Country.
4. The white contraptions featured at most Sam the Record Man exits aren't security devices, they're just supposed to look that way.
5. You've become too refined in life and musical taste to really want that new box set with the rest of Led Zeppelin's catalogue digitally remastered.
6. The new Police compilation will only make you nostalgic for '83 and that certain someone you never clicked with though you kept trying at parties where Synchronicity was playing.
7. Buying a copy of Meat Loaf's *Back Into Hell* announces to the world that you have the mental age of four.
8. Hey, those Velvet Underground guys were cool... they did all those alternative things... like a long time ago.
9. Tom Waits is still way good and way cool.
10. If you must buy jazz discs to feel collegiate, start with Miles Davis' *Wind of Blue* as it only has five titles you have to memorize to impress your friends and fool them into believing you like and understand jazz.

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299 College St. (Just west of Spadina)  
924-4941

Listening to it makes it hard to believe that Getten (home o' big money end grunge) thought Steve Albini's production was too raw. It ain't grunge! Every snare crack, bass rumble and cord is crystal clear! Christ, it makes Exile on Main St. sound like a bad four track demo. Nirvana is becoming formulaic in their approach: quiet melodic verses and loud choruses, although sometimes when the Kurtster gets antsy he mixes them up right smack dab in the verse but it never jars you unexpectedly. Best tracks include "Heart Shaped Box", not because of REM producer Scott Litt's remix but because it best caters to this new formula. My fave is the closing "No Apologies", the only track to expand Nirvana's sonic terrain with viola and Velvet Undergroundish guitar in the verse. Kurt has the good sense to cloak his "the world, my friends, and (new addition) fame sucks" in a world weary murble, as it acknowledges that you've heard it all before. Which we have for the most part. Play it loud when you feel like jumping or screaming and dig it for what it is: a good rock record (which are often hard to come by). But you'll get more out of it by leaving the expectations, the hype, and the hoopla that has been generated in you and (God, strike me down for this cheesy ending) come as you are.

## TORONTO SMALL PRESS BOOK FAIR FALL 1993

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30 10AM-5PM  
ALUMNI HALL, VICTORIA COLLEGE, U OF T

The Toronto Small Press Group presents its annual Small Press Book Fair at Victoria Colleges Alumni Hall, on the Campus of the University of Toronto, on Saturday, October 30, between 10am and 5pm.

Our Spring 93 Fair featured 72 publishers from all over Ontario, representing small and micro presses specializing in esoteric and experimental literary works, artists books, ephemera, pop culture zines, comic book art, along with a plethora of slightly-off-the-mainstream fiction, non-fiction and poetry, most of which is only sold by mail.

The Fall 93 Fair also features The Vancouver Room, a wide selection of small press books from British Columbia and Alberta assembled by Proprioception Books in Vancouver.

Contact: Victor Coleman at (416) 599-8657 or FAX 979-8003 for info  
358 and one half Spadina Avenue #4, Toronto MST 2G4

## Band Blowout at the El Mocambo

By Diane Sidik

The smell of beer and old sweat wafted through my nostrils as I climbed the narrow staircase towards the music. Melodic strains of acoustic guitar filled the upper hall as The Shadow Puppets warmed up the stage.

With The Shadow Puppets kicking it off, the Innis Frosh were treated to an endless night of drinking and dancing to the tunes of NC-17, Blueshift, Project 9, and headlining act Furnaceface --- not a bad way to end those two whole weeks of Initiation!

The Shadow Puppets combine a blend of folk and pop sounds with energetic zeal. Aside from a guitar, keyboards, and melody makers (i.e. shakers), a big, bad bassoon fit into their intimate ensemble. The Yankee Doodle song was definitely my



Project 9 and Furnaceface



## MUSIC TO TAKE DRUGS BY

by mole

I was broke all summer as usual, but that didn't seem to stop me from spending lots of money on compact discs. That's life.

"Collusion" by Zoviet France (Grey Area/Charmm) was my first purchase (this only deprived me of cigarettes for a day) and it was definitely worth the money. Taken from various compilations with other experimental artists, "Collusion" is an excellent "best of" collection for anyone who hasn't experienced their artsy/Dadaist music before. Zoviet France has been around since the early eighties and have gotten better with age. Influenced heavily by Marcel Duchamp and Luigi Russolo (old school Dadaists) Zoviet France is probably the most innovative music around right now. Highlights include the schizophrenic twenty minute epic 'Something This Beautiful' and the dark, repetitive and very minimalist 'White Dusk'. This is highly recommended.

The soundtrack for "Naked Lunch" (Milan) by Howard Shore and Ornette Coleman makes an excellent companion piece to "Collusion". Howard Shore is best known for his soundtracks (he's worked with David Cronenberg before on "Videodrome" and "Scanners") and Ornette Coleman is, of course, one of the greatest jazz performers of our age. For those who don't know Coleman's stuff, this soundtrack may be his most accessible material to date and will get you ready for his noisier oeuvre. 'Writeman', the last track of the album is a typically fast and furious Coleman number, but the title track is a more mellow and dark piece which sets the tone for most of the album. I think Shore and Coleman should do more stuff together.

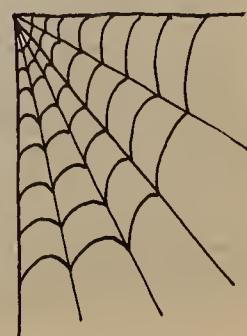
The liner notes of "Naked Lunch" thank The Master Musicians of Jajouka for inspiration, so I immediately hit the bank machine again and bought "The Master Musicians Of Jajouka" (Axiom/Island). This was quite a find and I advise anyone who is interested in music of any kind to buy this CD. William S. Burroughs, Paul Bowles, Genesis P. Orridge (of Psychic TV)

and Brian Jones were all influenced by Jajouka to a very large extent. According to an old Rolling Stone article I once read, Brian Jones once showed up in the studio to record "Exile On Main Street" and freaked out his fellow Stones by insisting on playing some sitar-like instrument to give the album a more Eastern Jajouka sound. Richards and Jagger put him in a recording booth and let him play to his heart's content, but turned off the tape recorder because they thought Jones had finally lost it. Maybe he had. According to myth, if the Master Musicians ever stop playing, the world will come to an end. As a result, I play this hour-long CD continually. Jajouka music is apparently the most ancient music still being played today, so you should get this CD if only to assure the survival of the human race.

By the way, if you think that I was name-dropping all those famous Dadaists to look like a real learned art historian type, well, you're absolutely right, I was. So what. Actually, I know about them because I bought a CD called "Dada and Futurism Revisited" (Sub Rosa) which includes performances by Marcel Duchamp, Guillaume

Apollinaire, Jean Cocteau and Luigi Russolo. The CD includes performances (some of which are recreated, unfortunately, but the recording equipment at the Cabaret Voltaire was either really bad or totally non-existent), interviews, poetry recitals (all original, by Cocteau and Apollinaire) and Dada music (some recreated, some original). For anyone interested in art or anarchy, this is an essential CD to have in your collection.

So now I'm broke, all in the name of art. Good. By the way, you can pick up most of these CDs at HMV and Sunrise Records. Spend your money. Consumel Consumel



# People You Should Know

(Herald and ICSS Execs)



Judy Josefowicz, Editor



Carolyn Feil, Asst. Editor



Ash, Poetry and Scandal Editor



Glen Fujino, Projects Manager



Aaron Magney, ICSS President



Minesh Mandoda, V.P. Services



Mike Crikak, Social Rep.



Dale Summers, Orientation



David Kim, Men's Athletics

As punishment for the ICSS members who were too lazy to hand in their photos, the *Herald* held a contest to see who could do the cruellest and most unflattering caricatures. We now have the results. Here are Frank Kocis, Trea MacPherson, Dan Rochman, Jean Vesik, Chris McEnroe (be kind to Chris because he was in Britain when we were doing this), Bill of no apparent last name (actually, we found out that it is Arnett), John Zeidman, and Deep, as seen by you (and Ash, who made drawings in case you guys copped out).



Frank Kocis, Clubs Rep.



Roach, Social Rep.



Trea MacPherson, V.P. Gov't



Steve Katlen, just a guy  
(possibly the Education  
Commissioner)



John Zeidman, Treasurer



Jean Vesik, Women's Athletics Rep.



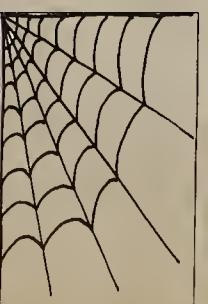
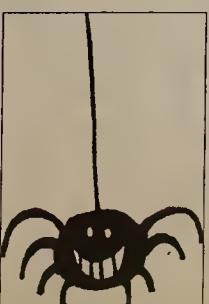
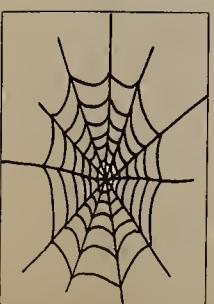
Bill Arnett, Communications  
Commissioner



Deep, Co-ed Athletics Rep.



Chris McEnroe, Spirit  
Challenge Rep.



# The Back Page

## From The Herald Executive

*Chorus: Did you perhaps go further than you have told us?  
Prometheus: Yes, I stopped mortals from foreseeing doom.  
Chorus: What cure did you discover for that sickness?  
Prometheus: I sowed in them blind hopes.*

- Aeschylus  
*Prometheus Bound*

This may as well be the first year of the Innis Herald. It will be the best year of the Innis Herald. Your response to our publicity blitz has been phenomenal and we have no doubt that this will only increase. Many frosh who expressed an interest in joining the Herald staff have mentioned that they are prepared to sleep their way to the top. We, the Herald execs, are willing to make this sacrifice, and others, for the betterment of the paper. We also have no qualms about slamming other campus newspapers. We've read them and they suck. Let's not pussyfoot around; their readership is larger because their colleges are larger and their students feel some demented, misplaced sense of obligation to read these rags that can only be described as dry, dry, dry. There are those who read The Varsity on a regular basis in addition to their college newspaper (you know who you are) and we don't want them anywhere near our paper anyway... Our credo (one which the other campus papers refuse to recognize as at all relevant) is this: If there is not at least one segment in every issue of The Innis Herald that does not make you laugh out loud, then you may write a letter to the editor abusing us in any way you see fit (e.g. you bite the big one...etc.). Reality check. It's never going to happen. We suggest that you become a regular reader of The Herald now before it becomes trendy and people start accusing you of being a poser.

Be cool.  
Stay true to yourself.  
Write for the Herald.

Judy, Carolyn, and Ash.

### A quote from our prez...

We can do the political thing and say "Look how much money we saved!"

-Aaron Magney, ICSS President

## Scandal!!!

### Interpol Infiltration Increasing

#### SPECIAL TO THE HERALD

It seems that Interpol has been unable to stop the inevitable... Yes, the position of SAC President, the highest chair of student government, is presently held by an Innis student, Edward de Gale. Was it not prophesied that Innis would take over U of T and that even Interpol could not contain the power of the Innisite mind to overcome its incessant attempts to sabotage us?

In addition, the SAC Orientation for the entire student body of U of T was run this year by Innis students, Sandy Oh and Phil Howard. This reporter has already disclosed that Mr. O had sold out for appalling amounts of blood money, and so, of course, willingly embarked upon the task of organizing SAC Orientation. And why? To sully the name of Innis College by fouling up Orientation and to encourage the head-shaking of students from other colleges. "Those damn hippies cannot be relied upon for anything," was the response that O was hoping for.

Even de Gale has been victim of

Interpol's incessant interference. An Interpol employee, posing as a representative for Erindale campus, insisted that "Either you give us more money or we're not showing up for Orientation." To which de Gale impetuously replied, "Why don't you tell me to put a gun to your head and shoot?" Good one!

And how was the spoiling of the SAC Orientation avoided? Although Mr. O tried his best to earn his wages, Phil Howard was a pillar of honesty. "They tried to pay him off" de Gale remarked quietly at Innis First Year Dinner, but refused to elaborate, only repeating sorrowfully, as if in a trance, " Didn't they, Phil? Didn't they?" at which time Phil extended a hand to de Gale's shoulder for support but it was obvious to this reporter that de Gale's spirit had been bruised, but not broken... It is a tradition in the de Gale family to inspire the underdog, and de Gale's war-like cry, "Long live a free Innis!" did not go unnoticed by Interpol.

Unable to end de Gale's reign as SAC President, Interpol has once again turned to its traditional stronghold of Innis College. A spy has been implanted within the very structure of the Innis student government, our own faithful ICSS. It has recently been uncovered by this reporter that Mike Crhak, ICSS Social Representative, is actually a Woodsworth student. Clearly, the onus falls on our other Social Representative, the honest but morally misguided Roach, to keep social events at Innis unblemished by

## INNIS HAPPENINGS

FRIDAY NIGHT FILMS  
in the Town Hall  
every Friday at 7

October 29  
Voodoo Pub  
in the Innis Cafe

A FRIGHTENING  
DISGUISE...



by Jon Hunter

Mike's corrupt influence. How is it possible, you may ask, that a student not even from our college (an immigrant from Carleton, no less!) is a representative for our student government? "Aaron [Magney] altered the ICSS Constitution for me," Mike, alias "the Hawk", explained with a sly grin.

The profligacy thrust upon us is becoming all too alarmingly evident, especially after Innis principal John Browne's overly flagrant speech at the First Year Dinner, where he implied that Aaron Magney is to be the next beacon of Innis genius. And isn't it a convenient coincidence that Aaron also comes to us as a refugee from that diabolical institution, Carleton University... I pause to remark that I haven't met a decent apple among them... But we all know about John Browne's illicit dealings and fraudulent identity, don't we? Is nothing sacred?

In a college infiltrated with spies and hired hooligans, I suggest that you watch your back. A word of advice regarding Pub Nights at Innis: If Aaron or the Hawk are tending bar, make sure to watch closely, as Interpol stooges have informed me that these two rogues have instructions to spike the beer with apathy-inducing drugs.